

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper.



AT THE EXHIBITION.

CROSS CURRENTS.

CHAPTER XXXI.—HALF-AN-HOUR'S CONVERSATION.

HOPE stood in the doorway, with a letter in her hand, as Piers reached his mother's room. There was a moment's hesitation on her part whether to go on or to let him enter, which Piers decided by coming forward with extended hand instead of making way for her. She felt discom-

forted. Mrs. Ashworth was not with her, and there was a look of purpose about Captain Ashworth which she did not like. "I was going to get a stamp for my letter. Mrs. Ashworth will be here directly," explained Hope.

Piers knew better, having just parted from his mother on the stairs with the understanding that she was to leave them together for half-an-hour. "I have some stamps here," observed Piers, and taking one from a small case he carried in his pocket, he

put it on the letter, saying, "I will post it for you presently."

Hope glanced shyly at the timepiece, and said, "I want it to go to-day."

"It shall go to-day: trust it to me."

Not liking to raise any further difficulty, she left the letter in his hands, hoping he would post it at once, but that was not his present idea.

"Will you sit down here for a few minutes?" said Piers, leading her to the sofa; "I wish to have a short conversation with you, and may not easily find so good an opportunity again." He looked and spoke gravely, leaving her quite unsuspecting that he had contrived this meeting with his mother's assistance. Hope did as he requested, first looking at the partially closed door, and Piers, tossing her letter on a table near, sat down beside her.

"Do you want to go away—to start for Switzerland, I mean?" explained Piers, remarking the quick blush his first words had called up. "Of course I do not think you so unkind as to grudge a small portion of your time to a friend; may I claim the title now? It is many months since you refused it to me."

"Yes, I should like to start for Bellerive."

What had come over Hope that she spoke so timidly, and, without venturing to raise her eyes, sat still and demure, looking both alarmed and distressed?

"Little Hope," began Piers, and there was a saddened gravity about him which almost pained her, "will you let me talk to you about some things in my past life? You know something of its outer character, I wish you to see a little of its inner. You used to like Piers when you were a child."

As he paused for a reply, she was obliged to give the expected, "Yes."

"And you left off liking him when he grew churlish and disagreeable?"

There was another pause, followed by another "Yes," for Hope must be true.

"Would you mind telling me why you liked me in your childhood?"

She did not relish this interrogation, not knowing whether it tended, and had, moreover, a strong fear that she should lose her head, and be brought to make admissions she might afterwards regret. However, looking up, she answered distinctly, "You were very kind to me."

"Then, with the same claim, I may be liked again?" She looked down now. The inference, however logical, she was not disposed to admit. If they came to argument she felt sure of being worsted, for all her native quickness had abandoned her. In fact, if her thoughts had been collected at all, she must have wondered (as the reader must wonder) how Piers could talk to her in this way. But his ill-health and his disappointments, over which he had brooded in an unmanly way, had made his mind morbid, as well as weaker, for a time.

Piers let that pass, and started another point. "Have you any idea how much I have suffered? No. Your quiet happy life can furnish no teaching which should enable you to understand what mine was in those first days of darkness succeeding my accident, excluded from the light of day, my mind shut up in a living tomb, with only disappointment to feed upon. Can you fancy what it was to have no day, and no prospect of day; to know no other measurement of time, as the hours went by, than its

effect upon my own poor tired frame, and to retire to rest without any better prospect for the morrow? Ah!" exclaimed Piers, pressing his hand to his brow, as if he felt it all over again; "that was gloom unspeakable. It was some weeks before the eye now spared to me was considered safe, and I was allowed to use it," he continued, after a short pause. "Your young experience has known no sorrow like mine; you cannot fathom, nor I tell, the misery of that darkness and that dependence upon others, to a man whose life had hitherto been activity and command. Yet perhaps, like others, you felt for me then as much as your knowledge of my state permitted. I may think so, you were a tender-hearted child. One of the first recollections I have of you when you came to Tarleton was seeing you burst into tears because a bird died in your hand. Wishing to console you, I promised to replace it with a similar one, but that was of no use. Your grief was not for the loss of the bird, but because you thought you had hurt it. You have not lost that sensitive nature, so I cannot doubt your having been sorry, possibly very sorry, for me."

Hope neither confirmed nor denied the supposition, but bent her head low; and when Piers took her hand as he said the last few words, she suffered him to hold it a minute before attempting to withdraw it. It had once been raised furtively to her face while he was speaking, and brushed quickly across her eyes. Except, however, for that one movement, Hope never stirred, but sat with head averted, gazing apparently through the window at the scene without. In reality an invisible conflict was going on, her rational, perhaps we must say her prejudiced self, was struggling against the sensitive.

"I weary you," said Piers, discouraged by her attitude.

"No." The negation was faint. Though in a measure gratified at being taken into the confidence of this hitherto reserved man, whom she had never heard talk much of himself, she felt ill at ease, alarmed lest he should end by asking her to become his wife. And yet his supposition as to her feeling of sorrow on account of his accident was more than correct. At the present moment she was sorry, very sorry for him, almost as much as when it happened.

"I cannot bear this long; if he says much more about his sufferings, and looks so grave and sad, I am certain I shall cry and disgrace myself," thought Hope, fixing her eye upon some tall, fantastically-shaped chimney-pots opposite.

"I have more to say. I am now coming to that part of my life which you have seen, and with disapproval. Young, almost a child as you appeared to me, who had known you best in that capacity, you refused to reckon me among your friends, giving the preference—that must have been *malice* rather than truth," said Piers, trying to read her countenance—"giving the preference to Mr. Saunders' dog."

"It is a beautiful, noble creature," interrupted Hope.

"And Piers is neither the one nor the other?" continued he.

The only notice Hope vouchsafed was a quick turning of her little head towards him and back again to the consideration of the chimney-pots.

Piers went on. "At one time I should have laughed at my exclusion as a girl's conceit, but I knew that you meant something by it, and that, in some respects, you were justified in your opinion of

me. I do not intend now to take up the incidents where I was to blame, but, unchivalrous as it sounds, where you are. I mean no reflection either on your intelligence or on your kindness when I say that you have never yet been in a position to judge me fairly."

Hope withdrew her gaze from the window, and fixed it on him.

"I intend no disparagement whatever," pursued Piers, deprecating her surprise. "I think you have more than the average natural cleverness of young women, and ten times more real goodness than the fashionable girls of the period. But happy, beloved by every one you cared for, living where you were in harmony with everything, and everything with you, the sour, cross-grained man that occasionally came in your way must necessarily have been a blot on an otherwise fair field. By contrast alone his defects would make a great impression; deeper, I should like to say, than they ought to do. Now I do not blame you for thinking ill of me; my life, as it came under your notice, was selfish, unmanly, because, instead of combating my misfortunes with a man's sense and energy, I resented them. I was ungenerous, too, in some things—but let that pass; it is not for my interest to sift all the foolish things I thought and did. Assuredly I was not in my right mind, as no one can be who closes himself in with one or two fixed ideas. What I contend for is this—you have never known enough of me to do me entire justice. Fortune dealt me three successive blows, each one deepening the wound made by its predecessor."

Hope's eyes returned to the contemplation of the chimneys.

"Miss Hawtrey gave me up; my lot was too poor a one for her to share," said Piers, with a touch of irony in his voice; "that was bad enough, for without her I had no life before me. But I have had worse than that to bear. Ray—we were more than cousins, more than friends; brothers from his childhood upwards—he, too! and I bound to him by so many obligations. Ah, if the falsehood of a woman cuts deep and can turn the milk of human kindness to gall, the treachery of a man cuts deeper still. It is sharper than the sharpest steel."

Piers was silent for a while, trying to recover himself, for his voice quavered with exasperation.

"Poor Ray!" murmured Hope.

That was too much for Piers' patience.

"Poor Ray! and do you not say poor Piers! Have you nothing to say to the suffering one? Are you too, contrary to your very nature, siding with the prosperous? What claim has Ray to your compassion?" asked Piers, with the vehement energy of one unexpectedly outraged. "Has he not all the good things he desires—home, wife, health, wealth? What else has life to give?"

Hope's heart still said "Poor Ray!" Though he possessed all that Piers had enumerated, his face was before her as she last saw it, so changed from what it used to be, with its former joyousness faded. She remembered also a certain latent querulousness in his voice, which never proceeds from the happy. Longing to speak a word for him and tell how deeply he still loved his cousin, she looked at Piers to see if it were a fitting moment. He was grave, perhaps angry; but he also looked sad, so much so that remembering how much he had suffered, she involuntarily said, "Poor Piers!"

The words had a more magical effect than they

deserved. The dark shadow gave place to a smile, as he said, softly, "I will try to spare Ray if you will listen to me, and give me one of those pitying looks you have just given him. When I set Clarice Hawtrey free, it was from a sense of honour. Our situations had been reversed. Instead of being able to protect and cherish her, I had become weak and dependent, requiring help, patience, and kindness. It was for her to give, for me to receive everything. Under those circumstances I could not hold her to the engagement if she wished to be freed from it. I loved her with passionate fervour, and thought her incomparable. Her beauty had so enthralled me that, imagining the moral part must correspond, I felt, that with her for a companion, out of the ruins of my various expectations I might construct a future which would be something better than endurable. Though I might never again behold that beautiful face with my natural sight, it would always be mine, fixed in my memory, and therefore imperishable in its loveliness. I expected too much from her. You know the story. She first accepted me, raising me to the highest state of happiness I could then anticipate, and soon afterwards, without preparation or warning, she wrote me her final conclusion, that she could not become my wife—in other words, that she was incapable of the womanly devotion and sacrifice involved in taking a poor and ailing husband. Perhaps you think that I cannot blame her without exhibiting selfishness myself. I believe it is so, and yet I only do your sex justice when I say that some of them have stood a test equally severe, and gloried in the task they undertook. Nor is it always the best men who find the true heart willing to give its tenderness for an inadequate return. Though far from being one of that class, I think I should then have been very grateful for the affection of a kind wife, being keenly alive to the trouble I must necessarily give her."

Piers paused to see if Hope was testifying any interest, but she was only playing with her pocket-handkerchief.

"That second letter was a blow I was far from expecting. Though partially recovered and comparatively cheerful—for I had regained the sight of one eye, and was coming to England to settle, as I supposed, in a quiet home—I was still weak, and sometimes ill with fever. Instead of being stunned by the news, I was roused. The first thing I did was to deepen my exasperations by the perusal of certain letters written by Clarice Hawtrey shortly before, and some even after the date of my accident, but of course before she knew of it. In these she expressed her joy at the approaching meeting."

Piers stopped. "Are you listening, Hope?"

She was not only listening, but painfully interested. Was Hope another Desdemona, beguiled by the magic of a tale to feel "a world of sighs" asking escape from their imprisonment, and longing to say, "In faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange, 'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful," withheld only by the fear of encouraging a suit she dreaded? She was incomprehensible to herself, so full of commiseration for him, indignation at the treatment he had received, and yet so fearful.

"People," continued Piers, "do not generally care to read in their more sober moments the effusions of their first fervid affection. Many of us would look foolish enough if compelled to hear them read and descanted upon. I hope all mine are destroyed, for

they would be more obnoxious to ridicule than hers. In her last letter addressed to India, referring to our approaching marriage, she jestingly described herself as returning with me to reign, an Eastern queen, adopting one of my not over wise expressions. Poor woman! The realm she desired was that of worldly greatness—her dream, ambition, into which I only entered so far as I was the means of gratifying it. Then I had every prospect of doing so, having before me all that a successful soldier could desire. But when the scene changed, and I had nothing but a faithful affection to offer—no claim but what misfortune and suffering conferred—she was unequal to the appeal. However, I forbear to reproach her. But Ray—”

Hope here interrupted him with an expostulation almost plaintive—“Oh, I must say, ‘poor Ray;’ he is so unhappy.”

Piers took no notice of the words, he was so carried away by the recollection of his wrongs. “Who can tell what that marriage was to me?” he went on. “Stung, maddened, my wrath knew no bounds. I resented it with an insensate fury, the more fierce, the more bitter, because I had always received from Ray the affection of a brother as well as the continuation of the material help I had been in the habit of taking from my uncle. I could not repay him. I could not free myself from the obligations that scorched and shrivelled my best feelings. I became morose and selfish, always brooding over my injuries, caring for nothing besides, and yet impotent to testify the resentment that devoured me. I was even drifting away from faith in those good things that make life honourable here and happy hereafter. But for man’s second, if not principal blessing—a praying mother at home—who knows if the ebb-tide would ever have come for me? If Clarice Hawtrey is happy now—well. I do not desire it should be otherwise. I could never give her the wealth and social position she deems all-important, therefore obviously her lot must be separated from mine. But Ray—”

“Oh, let me speak for Ray, poor Ray,” said Hope, with a vibration of feeling in her voice, and a gasping sound she could not repress.

“What do you mean by so particularly pitying Ray? Is he not happy?” asked Piers with bitterness.

“No,” was on the tip of her tongue, but she hesitated to reveal the skeleton she believed to be in his house, and answered evasively—“He loves you dearly—more dearly, I think, than any one else. This alienation is a heavy sorrow to him. Oh, make friends with him again.”

“He ought to have been prepared for alienation,” answered Piers, brusquely.

Hope had a fixed idea as to which of the two offenders most deserved Captain Ashworth’s reprobation, but generosity, or some feeling she did not care to examine, prevented her from representing Clarice in darker colours than those in which Piers’ judgment had viewed her; so she contented herself with one of Ray’s oft-repeated arguments—“If Clarice had not married Ray, she was equally lost to Captain Ashworth.”

“Perhaps. What then?”

“Well, then, don’t you see that Ray did not sin against you?”

“Such pleading is unworthy of you; nor does it help him.”

Having got Piers on the subject so important to Ray, and hitherto so unapproachable, Hope was unwilling to let it go without obtaining some concession in his favour. Piers was looking sorrowful now, not hard as before. She turned away from the chimney-pots, and looking at him with earnest entreaty, said, “What is past is past; let it be buried out of sight. Tell poor Ray that you forgive him.”

She forgot that she had just claimed his complete exoneration. “Do not go away without being reconciled.”

Her eyes, always expressive, spoke more eloquently than her words. Quarrels and misunderstandings were especially foreign to her disposition, and Ray’s yearning affection for his cousin had a pathos about it which distressed her, as she thought of the possibility that Piers would go to India without seeing him.

“So much care for him and none for me, Hope?” he asked, looking down upon her half reproachfully, half tenderly.

“I only suggested that the past should be buried.”

“And will you not practise what you are trying to teach? You and I have a past to bury; when that is done we will talk of the future.”

“But it is present reconciliation that I want for Ray,” remonstrated Hope, quickly.

“And present forgiveness that I am asking for Piers. Will you be satisfied if I promise to see Ray before I go to India?”

Up to this time, if not always calm, Piers had been careful with Hope, confining himself to the tale of a bygone time, graven, it is true, on his memory with many a sharp pain, yet past—to be one day forgotten. When he first began the conversation he hoped to remove any prejudice she might have against him, to interest her, perhaps, but not to distress her; he wished to win her to trust him, and, if necessary, to relieve her from the apprehension of any ungenerous attack upon her weakness, but she sat down so meekly at his bidding, she heard him so patiently, she looked so mournful both for him and Ray; she was so good, so large-hearted, she was so bright, too, when she was herself, so sensitive, yet so sensible, that his prudence vanished without consulting his judgment. He forgot the timidity he had been wishing to remove; how little right he had to her affection, how much more probably he should alarm than gain her. All these considerations were borne down by a sudden impulse, as, with her upraised face aglow with pleasure, she thanked him sweetly for a promise that did not mean much. The arm that had been resting on the back of the sofa dropped round her, she was a prisoner on the spot, and, whether she would or no, was obliged to hear the pathetic appeal that came rushing from his lips.

“Hope, dear Hope, do not send me away alone! You can do so much for me, you can mend my broken life and bury all the sad past with your own hand. You can furnish me with energy for a new struggle. With you to cherish and to work for—a dear little wife like you to watch for my return and meet me with smiles at the close of the day, my home will be too bright for me to envy any man. You have not looked altogether indifferent as you listened to me; you have felt for me. So many things have gone against me; will you add another disappointment to a life that seems to have had its share? I will do all I can to make you happy.”

Unconsciously Piers held her with so strong a grasp, that she almost struggled to release herself, when he set her free, saying coldly, "Pardon me."

His hand went up to his brow as if shading his eyes—his old habit when troubled. The trembling of her mobile mouth, and next the appearance of some large tears rolling down her cheeks as she sat still and silent, gave him hope that her coldness proceeded more from bashfulness than dislike. Bending towards her, he whispered softly (one of those whispers which say so much to the ear addressed), "You are sorry for me; I see it, though perhaps you think you cannot love me. Will you try, dear, dear little Hope?" His voice was very low, very tender, very pathetic in its earnestness. "Or will you let me go away without a friend to cheer me? I must work; may I work for you?"

It was a perilous appeal to a warm kind heart like hers—so flattering and so moving.

Hope did not shrink from him, but sobbed aloud. To say "No" or "Yes" seemed equally difficult.

A suspicion crossed his mind which for a moment shook his philosophy.

"Is it my disfigurement that you cannot get over?"

The question, put with such reluctance, was answered readily and aloud with a burst of astonishment. "Disfigurement!" Hope looked at him now and smiled through her tears.

"My disposition, then?" said Piers.

"Might be better."

"Will Hope try and mend it?"

She shook her head.

"Not if I gave you your own time?"

Piers drew her to him, as he used to do when she was still a child; and when in a minute or two after Mrs. Ashworth stood before them, uttering a few words of pleased surprise, Hope, unable to free herself, was fain to hide her shy and blushing face by turning it towards his shoulder.

"Too late for to-day's post," observed Mrs. Ashworth, indicating the letter on the table.

"Do you mean to keep all your promises after that fashion?" asked Hope, archly, pointing her finger towards the forgotten letter.

Piers could only laugh and make some ingenious excuse, citing the present failure as a good sign for the future.

Here I must interrupt my story with a few words of explanation. I might have passed over this part of it more hastily, knowing that there are some who dislike everything that might be called a love scene, quite as much as the strong-minded Mrs. Stanmore could do. Besides, I have overheard more than one fair reader speak of "that horrid Piers!" It seemed right therefore to allow both Piers and Hope to speak for themselves, and so to let the reader know how so unlikely an event came about as their engagement. But to proceed.

Hope would not allow herself to be considered as positively engaged; her thoughts and affections, she said, were still at "The Bury." Nevertheless, Piers was satisfied; he was wise enough not to contradict her.

"As you and Hope have nothing more to say to each other, suppose you take her to the Exhibition," remarked Mrs. Ashworth to her son; "you are rather in my way here."

I need hardly explain that "the Exhibition" in the month of May means that annual display of pic-

tures in which to figure has been the dream or the concentrated ambition of artists for a whole year or more. It was a happy thought on the part of Mrs. Ashworth to send the two quasi lovers to the study of pictures, where Piers would have so many opportunities of devoting himself to the amusement or profit of his companion. Nor was it unpleasant to Hope, amongst a crowd of strangers, to feel that, for the time at least, this tall, distinguished-looking man, who made his way with such ease, and pointed out so readily whatever was most worthy of notice, belonged to her. Mrs. Ashworth had dressed her with care and taste, and, what with her new toilette, her trim figure, her speaking and variable countenance, she arrested the attention of more observers than Piers. Altogether, the day had been a success, though Hope clung to the fiction that she was still free.

"I suppose we may start for Bellerive in another week, or less," said Mrs. Stanmore that evening, when seated round a well-lighted table, each of the ladies pursued some occupation except Ada, who, tired as usual at the close of the day, reclined on the sofa and watched the others. Mrs. Stanmore and her sister were knitting, and Hope was winding into a ball a huge skein of wool suspended from her wrist. The observation, not addressed to any one in particular, was answered by Piers.

"Whenever you like; I am ready."

Hope turned quickly towards him. Was he going with them to Bellerive? was that in his route to India? Or was his departure deferred? The unspoken thoughts were almost written on her face.

"That is awkward work alone," said Captain Ashworth, touching the thick reel of worsted and transferring it to his own hands, holding it as correctly as if accustomed to the employment—an attention not permitted to go unnoticed.

Mrs. Stanmore, looking up with a grim smile, laughed aloud, saying drily, "What fools men make themselves when they are in love."

Hope, flushing to the temples, snatched away the wool, and hung it again on her arm.

"Why do you do that?" asked Piers, reproachfully.

"I don't choose you to be laughed at," was the indignant reply.

"I can bear it, and easily too," added Piers, with a contented smile. Hope's championship had told him a flattering tale.

ADVENTURES OF AN AERONAUT.

BY RUFUS G. WELLS.

III.—BURSTING OF BALLOON IN AN ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE ALPS.

HAVING had a remarkably fortunate trip over the Apennines, I determined, if a favourable opportunity offered, to make an aerial voyage over the Alps, starting from Florence, Milan, or Turin.

On my arrival at Florence from Rome, I found M. Eugene Godard, whom I had met in America on several occasions. He had but recently made an ascent from Florence, and in the descent had lost his fine balloon from the peasants coming too near to it with lights while the gas was passing out. Not only was the balloon destroyed by the explosion, but many of the people had their hair singed, and their hands and clothes considerably burned. Not satisfied with having destroyed M. Godard's fine and

costly balloon by their carelessness, they tried to make him pay for the injury done to their clothing. The kind citizens of Florence made a subscription for the unfortunate aeronaut, by which he made a new balloon, which he named after their city. As he had arranged to make his ascent in a few days from the Zoological Garden, I decided to pass by Florence and go to Milan, regretting that M. Godard's misfortune had prevented me from having a view from my balloon of one of the most renowned and beautiful cities of Italy.

Among the several passengers who accompanied M. Godard in his ascents was a young American lady, who wrote a very good account of her impressions. I ought to have mentioned that many of the artists and visitors at Rome were extremely desirous of making the ascent with me, and of having the pleasure of a balloon ride over the Eternal City. Miss Cushman expressed her wish to go, and Miss Hosmer, both well known in art, with many others. To this his Holiness the Pope would not consent, for fear, he said, that some accident might occur. I invited Mr. Henry W. Longfellow, the distinguished American poet, who was then in Rome, and that for two reasons; one was that I hoped he might write a fine description of the aerial trip; the other was that, being a great favourite of the nobility and Roman authorities, his fame and influence might induce the Pope to grant the permission to others to ascend. Although the great poet had taken many lofty flights in a poetical way, he thought that he would prefer his body to remain on *terra firma*. Mr. Buchanan Read, a poet and painter of considerable celebrity, was so anxious to make an ascent, that he would have gone up with me at Florence if I had remained in that city.

I resolved to make my ascents from Milan in the immense amphitheatre, built by order of Napoleon I, for the purpose of giving amusements for his army while they were stationed there. This building would seat comfortably more than 50,000 people. I decided to make my first ascent on the 4th of July, in honour of American Independence. I wished to take one or two passengers with me, but I was surprised to find that the gas company could furnish only gas enough to take up myself and car, their excuse being that they would not have gas to light the city that night, although they promised me all that I might require. Finding it impossible to obtain more gas, I started without any ballast, or even an anchor; but the balloon not having sufficient ascensional power, it came in contact with a tree standing on the border of the enclosure (a similar mishap to what occurred at Constantinople), dragging me in among its branches. I quickly took my stand on the circle, and with my pocket-knife I cut off all the cords which held the car to the hoop. I bid adieu a second time to the public, leaving my car in the tree. While rising above the crowded amphitheatre, and over the city, I was greeted with tremendous cheering, on account of having so adroitly managed to free myself, when all no doubt thought that the ascent would be a failure, as the balloon would not carry me over the tree. It would have been a perilous feat to have performed on a windy day, not having an anchor with which to stop the aerostat on the descent; but it being a charming day, with only a light breeze, I considered it to be perfectly safe, especially as I had often made ascents while standing or sitting on a small board, sometimes when there was much

wind and great risk, not having sufficient gas, and being unwilling to disappoint the public.

The city, with its world-renowned white marble cathedral, and its new and truly magnificent Gallery, Victor Emmanuel, surmounted by a spacious dome, presented a delightful spectacle beneath me, while the snow-capped peaks of the distant Alps appeared to form an impassable barrier on the north. My balloon rose to the height of ten thousand feet, or two miles, and then gracefully moved off towards the setting sun. Perhaps I had never waved the flag of my country on the anniversary of that glorious day over a more enchanting scene. After remaining for nearly an hour in the air, I made a safe descent about four miles from Milan into a field; but before I could secure the balloon I was carried on into an adjoining field belonging to another man. The country people soon surrounded the balloon, and commenced to pull it on all sides; perhaps they would have injured it materially had it not been that some of the gentlemen from the city arrived and assisted me in protecting it. Although there was nothing but stubble in both of the fields, the owners demanded twenty lire, or francs, apiece, amounting to thirty-two English shillings, for damages when there was absolutely nothing in the fields to be injured. They insisted that I should pay them or they would keep the balloon. Some of the gentlemen from Milan, however, induced one of them, after much talk and delay, to bring the balloon back to the city on his cart, where he would be rewarded for both damage and cartage. On arriving at the amphitheatre, the police told him not to say any more about damages, or they would have him arrested for trying to obtain money under false pretences.

In some nations, I may here observe, the peasants act like highway robbers or banditti when aeronauts descend among them. Several times, by showing a revolver, I have saved my balloon from destruction. After having made an interesting ascent from Barcelona, and passing nearly a mile over the sea, I threw out ballast, and returned directly over the city by a higher current, and descended about half a mile on the opposite side into a garden. A large number of the lowest class of Spaniards came running to the balloon and commenced pulling the net, cords, and car about in a fearful manner. Mounted police came to my assistance; the people began to throw stones at them. The police, in suppressing them and protecting the aerostat, broke the arm of one of the rascals. One time, on making an ascent in Russia, I descended in the night into an orchard. The owner, instead of coming to me to settle the matter, sued me for sixty roubles (about £10), claiming this amount as the damage done to his orchard. The magistrate, on finding that only about a dozen apples had been knocked off of a tree, said I might give the owner two roubles, which was the cost of bringing on the suit, instead of sixty.

Many of the citizens of Milan called upon me to congratulate me on the happy termination of what they considered a very hazardous voyage, several of them expressing at the same time a desire to accompany me on my next ascent. Among them were some of the gentlemen connected with the Milan journals. I proposed to inflate my balloon early in the day, and to allow several ascents to be made to the height of about one thousand feet, while a strong rope held it to the ground, as was practised by M. Giffard, with his great captive balloon at Paris.

during the Exposition Universelle, in which a great number of visitors had the opportunity, as well as myself, of enjoying a grand panoramic view of Paris and its environs. Even the Empress Eugénie, accompanied by an Austrian archduke (at the time of the Emperor of Austria's visit to the Exposition), made an ascent in that famous aerostat three days after I had ascended, and seemed highly pleased with her voyage, as I was informed by my friend, M. Godard, who accompanied them.

Many ladies of Milan wished to enjoy a short aerial excursion; among them was an Italian prima donna. Several of them went up together with me. There being no wind the balloon rose almost perpendicularly. A sub-editor* of the newspaper called "*Il Secolo*" asked me to permit him to make a night ascent with me, that he might have an opportunity of seeing Milan by gaslight from the balloon. I consented. My amateur voyageur placed in the car several bottles of good Italian wine, and a box of eatables. After bidding many of his anxious friends of the press, his most intimate relatives, and associates good-bye, we started about 9 o'clock p.m., and in a few minutes were lost to their view. The principal object which attracted our attention in the general illumination of the city by gaslight was the dome of the Victor Emmanuel gallery, which extends from the cathedral to the opera house, La Scala. My friend wrote a most glowing description which was published in "*Il Secolo*." He was especially impressed with the beauty of the distant mountains bathed in moonlight, as their lofty heads lay solemnly and silently sleeping concealed by their snowy caps. We descended without the least difficulty on a farm about six miles from Milan, before midnight, having enjoyed a very quiet and agreeable excursion, being borne gently onward by a light summer's night breeze. We called for assistance, and to know where we were. We were soon answered by several persons coming to us from a neighbouring farmhouse, who kindly took hold of our anchor and guide ropes and towed us, while we remained seated in the car, to the residence of the owner of the farm, where we were soon surrounded by the peasants. We invited them to join us in partaking of our wine and provisions. My friend was quite anxious to return to his family, and accordingly he started for Milan. I fastened the balloon to a tree by the anchor rope, and employed a man to watch it, while I went into the house to sleep.

In the morning I found the balloon as I had left it in the night, seemingly not having lost any of its force. In order to save the gas, that I might resume at once the captive ascents, which had become quite popular, I engaged about a dozen men to pull the balloon, while I remained seated in the car, back to Milan. We went forward very well for about an hour as there was no wind. As the day advanced, however, the wind commenced to rise, bearing against us, and the men began to despair of reaching the city. Several more were added to the force, but after going half a mile farther they stopped, and said that they would not go on unless I would promise to pay them more than we had agreed upon at starting. Therefore I offered them more if they would carry me into the amphitheatre. We soon reached the main road; by the side of it there was a canal of

running water, upon which boats loaded with grain, wood, or other material could float to the city. A boat loaded with wood was passing at that time; we induced the conductor to allow us to attach one cord of about one hundred feet in length to it. I fastened my anchor rope on to the side of my car; another rope was attached to the boat, and given to the men to assist in pulling it along. The wind soon increased, so that instead of the men towing the boat and the balloon down the stream towards Milan, the aerostat carried the boat in the opposite direction. The boatman became angry and frightened, fearing, no doubt, that the balloon might run away with his boat, while the men once more lost courage, and began to cry out for more money. Knowing that they were a hard set of men to deal with, by the experience of my first descent among them on the 4th of July, I concluded if possible to get rid of them by making an ascent. Unfortunately I had given my knife to the editor during our voyage from Milan to open a bottle of wine, and he had thoughtlessly put it into his pocket instead of returning it to me. The strain was so great upon the large rope that I could not untie it from the hoop. At last, remembering that there were two bottles of water among the sacks of sand at the bottom of the car, I quickly picked up one of them, broke it on the seat of my car, and with the pieces I commenced to cut off the rope. As the balloon had pulled the boat several feet from the shore, the men could not get hold of the rope to pull me down before I could cut it in two, and the boatman was not strong enough to pull me down alone. All that they could do, therefore, was to look on with astonishment, while I finished cutting the rope with my pieces of glass.

I succeeded at last. The balloon seemed to be as happy as I was in becoming free from these rude and uncultivated human beings, for it bounded swiftly upward like an uncaged eagle to revel in its freedom among the clouds. Although I have many times been very anxious for fear that something might happen to prevent me from making an ascent while surrounded by an immense crowd of eager spectators, I think that I was never so well pleased or better satisfied than on this occasion. My balloon soon became so full of gas that I pulled the valve string and let out some of it, which checked the ascent. I could not see Milan when I left the ground, but the ascent was so rapid, owing to the fact that I had left the large and heavy guide rope, that Milan and the surrounding villages appeared to be rushing together beneath me, and not more than half the distance from me when I reached the greatest height as when I first saw them on starting. There were but few clouds scattered here and there below the aerostat. The higher I ascended the more I was astonished at the contrasts and wild scenes presented to my gaze by the aspect of the country around the beautiful city of Milan. The view expanded to the east, the west, and especially to the north, over distant mountains wild and majestic, whose summits capped with snow or darkened by thick woods formed a magical framework to the picture, while at their base lay the famous Italian lakes, so celebrated in song and story. Towards the south could be distinguished the beautiful Po, with its silvery waters winding through the well-cultivated plains, with their delightful gardens, flowers, olive and orange trees, and vineyards loaded with their delicious fruits.

* Signor Sonzogno, late editor of "*Il Capitale*," at Rome, whose assassination caused such just indignation, was, in 1869, editor of the "*Secolo*," at Milan. He was to have accompanied me on my next ascent, but for the accident to the balloon to be presently related.

The heat of the sun upon the balloon increased the volume of the gas, which caused it to expand gradually and imperceptibly more and more, until the balloon was perfectly full. I had been less than an hour enjoying a view of the enchanting scene around me, I had fully made up my mind to cross the Alps and pay my first visit to the Swiss republic if the wind continued favourable, when, on looking up, as if I had just awakened more from a delightful dream than a reality, I saw that there was danger of the balloon collapsing. Immediately I pulled the valve string, but I was just a moment too late: to my amazement, the balloon burst open in half a dozen places at the top and separated into two hemispheres around the middle!

After my third and last ascent at Rome, I had opened the balloon in the centre, and inserted a belt of nine feet in width to increase its capacity. I had made the ascent there with pure hydrogen gas, which was very expensive to manufacture. I made use of it on account of the difficulty of obtaining the city gas. His Holiness the Pope, refusing to permit any one to ascend with me, I had constructed the aerostat only large enough for myself with a good supply of ballast, in case I desired to cross the Apennines a second time.

The upper portion of the balloon rolled up into a body at the top of the net, of perhaps ten feet in diameter, the lower hemisphere having the mouth of the balloon attached by a strong cord to the hoop folded together like an umbrella turned inside out by the force of the wind, so that there was but little resistance to the air. At the time of the accident, I was about three miles in height; of course I fell almost with the rapidity of a stone through the thin atmosphere for a distance of a few thousand feet, until I had time to throw out all my ballast, bottle of water, and one of my anchors which I could unfasten. The larger anchor rope had received so great a strain upon it during the night, that I could not untie the knot either at the hoop or at the anchor. I let it down, however, the whole length of the rope, so that it might strike the ground first, and assist in breaking the shock which I expected to receive on reaching the earth. My Leghorn hat, two flags, and even pieces of the balloon were carried away by the great force of the air. It seemed to me as though a terrific hurricane had suddenly sprung up, and that I was being borne round in a vast circle, carried upon the wings of a mighty cyclone. If I could have taken my stand on the hoop, and cut away my car with the heavy anchor, about a hundred pounds in weight, it would have retarded the descent very materially, but I had not my knife to do this.

Finding that the earth was approaching me at a most fearful rate, I thought that my last moments had come. The events of my past life came rushing through my mind with great rapidity. I thought that I almost deserved death for my carelessness in neglecting my balloon. Many times on land, sea, and in the air, has death stood near me, but never under circumstances so appalling as on that occasion. At last, on looking into the bottom of the car, I found a treasure more priceless to me at that instant than all the gold discovered in California; it was a small piece of glass, part of the bottle which I had broken to cut the guide rope, by which I had escaped from one difficulty only to fall into another much greater. I grasped it, and with it cut the cord

which held the lower half of the balloon to the hoop, which then flew up into the upper portion of the net, and formed an excellent substitute for a parachute, which checked the fall and brought me to the ground in safety. The shock was much greater than I had ever received before from my descents. I tried to break the concussion by standing up in my car, and holding fast to the cords which were attached to the hoop. It appeared when I struck the ground as though a great weight had been cast upon me, crushing me suddenly into the bottom of the car. My first sensation was that of a violent pain in my back. I had descended into a large wheat field; the grain was about ready for harvesting.

Finding that I was not seriously injured, I stepped out of my car; a few hundred yards from me, I saw a man standing motionless as a statue, struck with awe and astonishment at the wonderful apparition which had suddenly come from above; he appeared to be frightened out of his senses, and neither tried to run away from nor to approach me. Presently I saw in the direction of a distant farmhouse another man coming towards me; when he was near enough, I hailed him in Italian as well as I could, asking where I was, and the name of the place. He looked at my hatless head with an air of astonishment for a moment, and perhaps not understanding the meaning of the question, he quickly turned upon his heels and fled like a wild Indian. I followed him, when not far from the house I met the owner of the farm, accompanied by several others, who inquired if I had seen a balloon come down in the field. I informed him that I had just descended with one myself. They went with me to the remains of the balloon, which could not be seen until we were quite near, owing to the height of the surrounding grain. The men packed the fragments of the balloon together, and transported them to the farmhouse, where I was kindly treated to a good dinner, of which I partook, thanking an all-wise and merciful Providence for my wonderful escape from death.

I recovered my American flag, which had been presented to me by my friends at Rome, from a peasant who had picked it up about half a mile from the place of the descent; but my hat, a small anchor, and an Italian banner, I never found.

The gentleman conveyed me back to Milan the same day, a distance of about twelve miles. Here many of the citizens had heard of what had happened previous to my arrival in the city; they manifested a deep interest in my behalf. I wrote a long description of the affair, which was published in "*Il Secolo*," and was copied in the "*Osservatore Romano*," and the principal journal in Italy. A writer for one of the French journals made a sad mistake in his translation from the Italian, stating that I had fallen with my balloon many thousand feet, and had been killed. Many of the journals in France copied the article. My friend, M. de Fonvielle, of "*La Liberté*," saw that it was not true, in reading his exchanges from Italy, and corrected it in his journal. I was not aware of the misstatement until I read it in a large work on ballooning, written by James Glaisher, Esq., M. Flammarion, Wilfred de Fonvielle, and Gaston Tissandier, and published in French at Paris. M. Flammarion says that I was killed near Milan, in July, 1869; while M. de Fonvielle, in another part of the same book, denies it. I have an English and a German translation of the book with the two statements in each.

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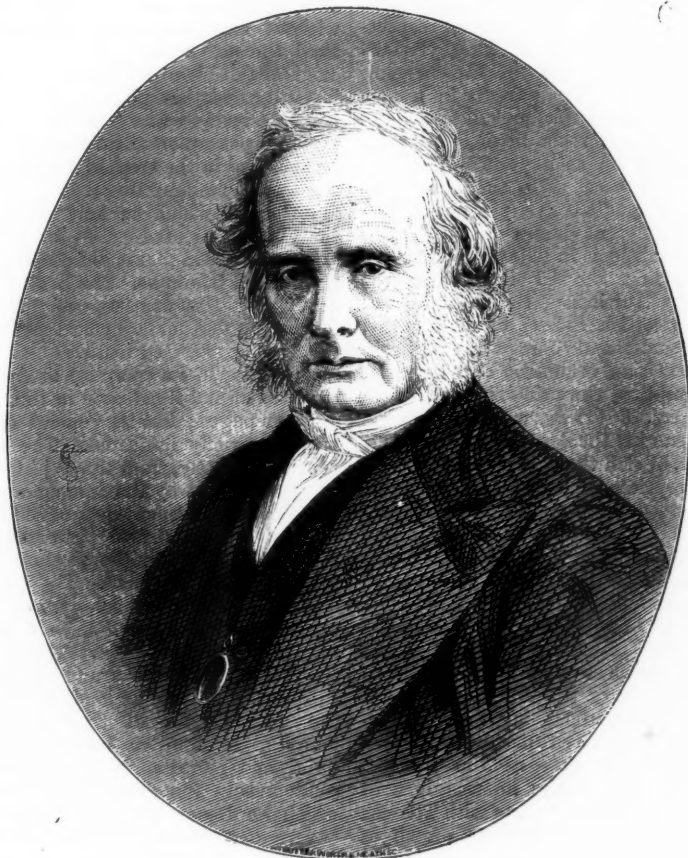
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DR. JAMES M'COSH,

PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE, NEW JERSEY.

OF all their philosophical or theological importations from Europe, none has been of more value to the Americans or more prized by them than Dr. James M'Cosh, the distinguished President of Princeton College, New Jersey. The installation of

adopted country, he has successfully appealed to American liberality for the complete equipment of his own college, and the general advancement of learning in the United States. His evangelical zeal, his philosophical reputation, his knowledge of



Yours truly James M'Cosh

this Scottish philosopher in his present office has infused new vigour into the admirable institution of which he is the head, and even given a great impulse to the cause of academic endowment in America. Presiding over a seat of learning once adorned by Jonathan Edwards, Dr. M'Cosh has, by the influence of his talents and character, given a new impetus to university studies in America, especially in the Northern States, and among the Presbyterian Churches. Identifying himself entirely with his

European culture, and his characteristic Scottish sagacity, have all combined to make him a power for good in America, and to surround him with an element of academic life that has already produced most excellent results. As a Protestant, also, of the best type, firmly attached to Scriptural doctrine, but comprehensive in his views and catholic in his sympathies, he is rendering great service to the cause of Christianity in the extensive sphere pervaded with his personal influence. At the great meeting of the

Evangelical Alliance, recently held in New York, he was one of the ruling spirits; and if a Pan-Presbyterian Council is soon to be convened we may expect him to give it the full benefit of his name and active support. Indeed, the idea of such a Council seems to be mainly his own, and he has certainly commended it warmly to the consideration of the large section of the Christian Church to which he belongs.

We proceed to give a brief biographical sketch of this distinguished man, in whom Great Britain and America have now a common interest. James M'Cosh was born in 1811, in Ayrshire, Scotland, on the classic banks of the river Doon. His ancestors for generations were known in the district as respectable farmers, holding the principles of Presbyterianism, and true to the good cause in the Covenanting times. He was reared by pious parents in a spot full of inspiring Scottish memories, and like so many of his countrymen who have risen to distinction he received his early education at a parochial school. When only thirteen he proceeded to the University of Glasgow, where he studied five years and distinguished himself in different classes of the Faculty of Arts. It was doubtless in Glasgow that his philosophical genius first showed itself. In the university of that city Hutcheson, Smith, Reid, and other lights of the Scottish School of Philosophy, had taught as professors; and there young M'Cosh, who was to become such an ornament and defender of that school, first imbibed the principles and spirit of these famous teachers. But it was when he removed to Edinburgh to pursue his theological studies under Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Welsh that his peculiar powers first found an appropriate exercise and adequate development. He stood high in the estimation of his professors and fellow-students as a grave and thoughtful youth, by no means forward to speak or fond of display, but of sterling talent and versed in philosophical speculations.

Having been licensed in 1835 as a preacher of the gospel in the Established Church of Scotland, he was at the close of that year elected, by the members of the congregation, minister of the Abbey Church of Arbroath, a flourishing manufacturing town in Forfarshire. He attached himself decidedly to the Evangelical or Reforming party of the Scottish Church, and for three years while he remained at Arbroath he laboured incessantly, along with Thomas Guthrie, the minister of the neighbouring parish of Arbilot, to promote the cause which he considered dear to the hearts, and in accordance with the cherished principles, of his Presbyterian fellow-countrymen. In 1838 he was appointed, by the Crown, minister of the first charge of Brechin, an important town in the same county. There he ministered to a congregation with 1,400 communicants, and devoted much of his time to the instruction of the young by means of Bible classes and other means of Christian usefulness.

In 1843, the year of the disruption of the Church of Scotland, Mr. M'Cosh cordially cast in his lot with the Free Church, and took a prominent part in organising and extending that remarkable religious community. He was a member of a deputation that went to Bedford, Northampton, and other towns of England in the following year, to explain the origin and nature of the Free Church movement, as well as to collect funds for the building of the new churches needed by the "outed" congregations in Scotland. For several years he led a very busy life as an active

Free Church minister, not only performing well all his pastoral duties, but assisting in the formation of new congregations in various parts of Forfarshire and the neighbouring counties.

When the great pressure of this organising work was over, and he obtained a tolerable share of long-desired leisure, he began to pursue with unabated ardour the philosophical studies he had been forced for years almost wholly to lay aside; and the result was the publication of "The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral." This work, written in secrecy and silence, by a man unknown in the literary and philosophical world, and published without any preliminary flourish, immediately excited the attention of all who felt any interest in original thinking or in sound philosophy. Its author instantly took his place among the philosophers of his country, and was accepted as an intelligent and vigorous champion of the Scottish school. But while he followed in the steps of Reid and his distinguished successors, he exhibited that higher tone and loftier moral spirit which he had caught from the prelections of his revered preceptor, Dr. Chalmers, whose achievements in moral philosophy almost rivalled his theological triumphs. His book was therefore hailed as an excellent specimen of philosophical theology, displaying fine metaphysical power, and beautifully illustrating revealed truth.

Anything like a complete analysis of the doctrines expounded and illustrated in this book would hardly suit our pages; but its general character and spirit may be briefly indicated. The author affirms and proves distinctly, from the objects and laws of nature as apprehended by the human mind, that there is a self-existent, personal God, of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, and also possessed of a moral nature that is evidenced by the method according to which the world is governed. He greatly amplifies the domain of natural theology, and makes it approach much nearer than had been done before the territory of revealed religion. The properties of matter, the reciprocal relations and adjustments of material substances, the harmonious balance discernible among the vast masses of the material universe, and many other familiar but not well-understood material and moral phenomena, are all made by him conducive to the development of the argument by which he demonstrates the being and illustrates the government of God. Many profound philosophical problems that lie in his path he concisely but forcibly grapples with, and thus shows the power and knowledge of a true metaphysician. The original and indestructible moral nature, and the actual moral state of man, are also subjects which he handles in a powerful and satisfactory manner. In opposition to the school of Comte and the Utilitarian philosophers of the day, he strongly asserts and clearly proves the supremacy of conscience as an original, independent moral faculty, which enables man to judge between right and wrong, constitutes him a responsible being, and affords a foundation for the Christian religion. In the concluding portion of the work he treats of the reconciliation between God and man through the restoration in man of the divine image, and points out the grand functions of that revealed religion in which are bound up the hopes of humanity.

As a brief specimen of the spirit of the book, we quote a few sentences of an important section on a subject that has recently been much debated—God's

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method of answering prayer:—"How is it that God sends us the bounties of his providence? how is it that he supplies the many wants of his creatures? how is it that he encourages industry? how is it that he arrests the plots of wickedness? how is it that he punishes in this life notorious offenders against his law? The answer is, by the skilful prearrangements of the Providence whereby the needful events fall out at the very time and in the way required. When the question is asked, How does God answer prayer? we give the very same reply,—it is by the pre-ordained appointment of God, when he settled the constitution of the world, and set all its parts in order." He thus differs in his view of the subject from Dr. Chalmers, who contended that God *might* answer the prayers of his creatures by so acting on the chain of causation as not to produce any visible miraculous interference. According to Dr. M'Cosh, God might more rationally be conceived to answer prayer, not by invisibly interfering with natural law, but according to another higher law.

"The Method of the Divine Government" appeared in 1850, and soon ran through several editions. Its early success was largely promoted by a very powerful review of it from the pen of Hugh Miller, and by the decided approbation of Sir William Hamilton. But its intrinsic merits were soon universally recognised both in Great Britain and in America. The degree of LL.D. was bestowed on its author by the University of Glasgow, and at the close of 1851 he was appointed, by the Crown, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the newly-instituted Queen's College, Belfast. This important appointment he held for sixteen years. During that period he trained a great number of excellent students, not a few of whom have risen to distinction as professors of philosophy or theology. He also published several important philosophical works, and contributed valuable articles to various "Reviews." In the meantime he took a prominent part in managing the affairs of the Irish Presbyterian Church, of which he had become an office-bearer. He gave his hearty support to the national system of education, the abuses of which were not apparent in Ulster as they were in other parts of Ireland. He did all he could to draw forth the Christian liberality of the people in order to prepare the Church for that disendowment which he saw approaching.

The first work he published while a professor at Belfast was entitled, "Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation." It was written in conjunction with Dr. Dickie, Professor of Botany at Aberdeen, and may be said to be the expansion of certain ingenious and beautiful speculations about the morphology of plants, ventilated by him in an article contributed to "The North British Review" of August, 1851. This interesting performance, which has hardly received the attention it deserves, is pervaded by a truly philosophical spirit, and contains some original and striking illustrations of that unity of plan or idea which is traceable in the vegetable world. It is a valuable addition, or sequel, to "The Method of Divine Government," inasmuch as it follows up that work in illustrating the exquisite mutual adaptations of material substances, with their forms and properties, so visible in all the kingdoms of nature, and contributing so directly to their harmony and beauty.

But the most elaborate work of Dr. M'Cosh, published by him in 1860, is "The Intuitions of the

Mind inductively investigated." In this he developed his metaphysical system and his theory of morals, approving himself a master of inductive philosophy, ready to hold his own in the purely intellectual arena. He stood forward as a modern champion of the Scottish school, expounding and defending its great principles, but willing to recast to a considerable extent its terminology, so as to give it more philosophical precision. A follower of Reid and Stewart, as well as an admirer of the splendid philosophical genius of Hamilton, he yet struck into paths of his own like a vigorous independent thinker, though never deviating from the great maxims and principles of these masters. He vindicated against Mill and others the existence and action of the great elements of our intellectual and moral nature. Against the bald philosophy of sensation and experience, and the moral system founded on a mere sense of utility, he declared uncompromising war. His determined opposition to the radical errors of the Utilitarian Philosophy brought upon him the hostility of a whole host of superficial critics; but, with a moral courage inspired by a high regard for truth, he renewed his attacks from time to time, and vigorously maintained his leading positions.

In "The Intuitions of the Mind" we discover not only the true spirit and sound principles of the Scottish philosophy, but an exceedingly healthy moral tone, and a vein of practical wisdom, which is one of the best fruits of speculative inquiries. We might multiply extracts to show the value of the work in a metaphysical point of view; but we shall only give from the chapter on Ontology, the science which treats of being or existence, one brief quotation as a specimen of the author's good sense. Speaking of scepticism, like that of Hume, he says:—"The great sin of scepticism lies in this, that it attacks indiscriminately the good and the evil, and would destroy both as by a consuming fire. But surely there may be a means of securing all the good ends which scepticism has produced, without the accompanying destruction of the good. Socrates seems to me to have succeeded in this, when he attacked the pretentious systems of his age, at the same time that he held resolutely by every great moral and religious truth. Let it be admitted that our spontaneous convictions guarantee a truth, but let it be avowed at the same time, that any given philosophic expression of them is fallible, and may be doubted, disputed, and denied. Let it be understood as to every philosophic principle proffered, that we are entitled, nay, in duty bound, to examine it before we assent to it; and that the burden of establishing that it is a thorough transcript of the law in the mind lies on him who employs it. By this simple rule, rigidly enforced and scrupulously followed, we might have all the benefits which have arisen from the siftings of scepticism, without its fearful throes, and its destructions—terrible as those of a battle-field—of noble credences and inspiring hopes." If modern scepticism were not more a moral than an intellectual disease, observations of this description should go far to put it out of countenance, or substitute for it the spirit of true philosophy.

In his "Examination of Mr. J. S. Mill's Philosophy," published in 1866, Dr. M'Cosh displayed the same vigorous metaphysical power, and the same lofty sentiments that are conspicuous in his other works. He did full justice to the undoubted ability and deserved reputation of Mr. Mill, whom he

willingly recognised as one of the most original and powerful of modern British thinkers. But he proceeded to show that Mr. Mill's philosophy, which many imagine to be so deep and true, is in reality superficial and false, either ignoring many of the highest things connected with the human mind, or failing utterly to account for their existence. Mr. Mill endeavours to explain all mental phenomena by sensation and experience; but, as Dr. M'Cosh shows, he is obliged to make many admissions in regard to ultimate facts or primary principles of our nature, which are totally inconsistent with his system. We cannot be expected to give here a full criticism of Dr. M'Cosh's attack upon the leading British representative of the Positive Philosophy. We shall say, however, that the champion of the Scottish inductive school appears to us to have made many formidable breaches in the bulwarks of his adversary, and even to have stormed the citadel. He has shown that Mr. Mill's system cannot account for the powers and achievements of the human mind, and that its author is like an ignorant or perverse architect who insists on constructing a complete house upon a miserably narrow foundation and with grossly inadequate materials. In conducting his argument he writes, not as a mere disciple of Sir William Hamilton, but as a discriminating defender of the Scottish philosophy. He has never been an implicit follower of the renowned Edinburgh professor who has given such a fresh impulse in our day to the philosophy of mind; but while freely acknowledging his great powers, vast learning, and noble achievements, he has boldly differed from him on many important points, and vindicated an independent position for himself as a philosopher. The spirit of "the philosophy of common sense," that truest bulwark against scepticism, is apparent in his examination of the system of Mill. While he exposes the defects and errors of that system, he keeps in view the great matters that are at stake in the controversy. It cannot be denied that the philosophy of Mr. Mill was both fitted and intended to prepare the way in Great Britain for that Positivism, or Comtism, which is ultimately destructive of both religion and morality. We do not say that Mr. Mill contemplated or desired such a result; but in the opinion of his ablest and most trustworthy critics, the philosophy of which he was the exponent or precursor is quite inconsistent with those spiritual truths and higher elements of our nature on which religion and morality are founded.

We might produce many extracts from this "Examination" to illustrate the metaphysical acuteness and high moral tone of its author. But we shall only give a few specimens of his manner. Arguing against sensation as an adequate source of our knowledge or mental power, he observes, "the sensation can originate the thought only by stirring up a mental capacity in the soul, which mental potency is to be regarded as the main element in the complex cause. And yet this essential element is inexcusably, culpably overlooked by the sensational school, when they derive all our thoughts from sensations" (page 77). Sensation is necessary to make the mind acquainted with the outward world, but it is not the origin of thought; it cannot prove the existence of mind; it is no proper basis of any philosophic system. The mind exists, is felt, and proved to exist apart from sensation altogether; and it is strange that a man like Mr. Mill should have made himself believe that by two such things as sensation

and experience, all that is true in mental philosophy can be adequately accounted for. It is, perhaps, not so strange that many literary men of the day; prone to materialism and averse to spiritual truth, should have followed Mr. Mill in his sensational speculations, and adopted him as "their guide, philosopher, and friend."

Dr. M'Cosh having shown that Mr. Mill, by his system, cannot account for our feeling or conviction of *personal identity*, goes on thus to explain what is properly meant by that important expression: "What I had yesterday was a conscious self under one affection, say grief; what I have to-day is also a conscious self under, it may be, a like affection of grief, or it may be under a different affection, say joy. Having thus a past self, brought up by memory, and a present self under consciousness, we compare them and affirm that they are the same. This is simply the expression of the fact falling under the eye of consciousness. Let Mr. Mill, if he choose, try his sharp analysis upon it. If he does so, he will find the edge of his instrument bent back as he would cut it. It is a rock, itself needing no support, but fitted to act as a foundation" (page 83).

Mr. Grote, the illustrious historian of Greece, was unfortunately in philosophy a member of the school of Comte and Mill. Adopting the opinion held by some of the ancient sophists, that what is true to one man is falsehood to another, and that therefore truth is only relative, if it actually exists, he contends that this is the basis of the principle of toleration, a denial of which leads to intolerance. Adverting to the ground of toleration, Dr. M'Cosh very pointedly remarks: "I reverse this account, and declare that the person who avows that he cannot distinguish between truth and error is not in circumstances to exercise the virtue of tolerance, for he has not discovered an error which he is bound to tolerate; and Mr. Grote's principle would lead him to refuse toleration if ever he did reach positive truth. The principle of toleration, as I understand it, is that I am bound to tolerate what I believe, what I may know, to be error; that the power of punishing error as error has not been put into my hands, has in fact been mercifully withheld from me by One who claims to be Himself the Judge. I am quite sure that there is a God who rules this world in justice and in love, and yet I feel that I must bear even with the 'fool who says in his heart there is no God.' This is my idea of toleration, which I reckon a much deeper and juster one than that held by those who say that truth varies with the individual, the age, and the circumstances" (page 233).

Speaking of the results of Mr. Mill's analysis of what we call mind, as being "simply possibilities of sensations, coming in groups, and in regular succession, and with resemblances that can be noticed," Dr. M'Cosh exclaims, "Is this the sum of what has been gained by the highest science of the nineteenth century? As we contemplate it, do we not feel as if the solid heart of truth and the radiating light were both gone, and as if we had left only a series of systematic vibrations in an unknown ether? Does this satisfy the convictions and longings of man? Does not the intelligence declare that it has something deeper than this? Does not the heart crave for something higher than this? And when the youths who are led on so pleasantly by the clear enunciations of Mr. Mill stop at any time to inquire what he has given them, must they not feel that they are, after all, in darkness, with only a camera

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obscura displaying colours before them, always according to sternly scientific laws? . . . I do fear for the consequences, when our promising youths awake, and, in despair of attaining truth, are tempted to plunge into deeper and still deeper darkness. Fortunately, such a state of things—the deeper instincts of human nature being so strong—cannot continue for any length of time; and however lamentable may be the history and experience of individuals, the hour of thickest darkness will be found to excite the cry for returning light.”

In his work, also published during the Belfast period of his life, “The Supernatural in Relation to the Natural,” Dr. M'Cosh displayed those high moral and philosophical qualities which give such a value to his other publications. The polemic object of it was well accomplished, and it was hailed as a powerful contribution to the cause of revealed religion. It is well known that the Positive philosophers, and others who secretly or openly oppose Christianity, ignore or deny the supernatural, as if it were something which cannot exist, or whose existence cannot be proved. But Dr. M'Cosh disposes conclusively of all these arguments and objections, showing how true science and philosophy can rationally accept the supernatural when it rests on its proper evidence. It is, in fact, intellectual presumption to deny the possibility of anything above or beyond what we call natural law. The true philosophic spirit rejects such a denial, and receives whatever is competently proved to exist. Thus it can easily be shown that it is irrational and unphilosophical to disbelieve the miracles of Scripture, and that a denial of them involves principles that would plunge us into universal historical scepticism.

In 1868 Dr. M'Cosh was elected President of the College of New Jersey, Princeton. His reputation as a philosopher and an advanced academic reformer had for some time before been very high in America, and he enjoyed the advantage of having visited that country and made himself well acquainted with many of its chief educational institutions. He had also some years before visited Germany and studied the system of instruction followed in its leading schools and universities. When a professor at Belfast he had not contented himself with faithfully performing the duties of his chair and writing important philosophical works, but he had given much attention to the great subject of academic instruction, and had formed enlightened views on university reform. He was, therefore, just the man to occupy a high academic position in America, where his views could be more easily and extensively acted upon than in his native country. The Americans who called and induced him to occupy his present influential position have done their country a signal service; and what America has gained Great Britain has not wholly lost. No doubt the friends of sound philosophy on this side of the Atlantic have thought it not creditable to Great Britain to allow such a man to leave its shores without at least having offered him one of the highest of its philosophical chairs. But what he has done and is doing at Princeton cannot fail to stimulate university endowment and reform here as well as in America. Many of his weighty utterances at Princeton have met with an intelligent and hearty response in Great Britain. We have seen an admirable address which he delivered some time ago on “Competition for the Civil Services in America,” and a letter, equally good, which he addressed to a New

York paper on the subject of enforced attendance of the students on class examinations in the American colleges. Such expressions of patriotic and enlightened sentiment have, we believe, powerfully influenced the public mind in America, and have helped to diffuse over at least the northern and western States a healthy spirit of educational improvement.

At Boston, regarded the stronghold of American Unitarianism, Dr. M'Cosh, soon after his arrival in America, delivered by invitation a series of lectures on the “Evidences of Christianity.” The impression made by these lectures was very great, and the intellectual audience, who eagerly listened to them, did ample justice to the eloquence and argumentative power of the accomplished lecturer. Dr. M'Cosh was in consequence invited to preach before the distinguished University of Harvard, which, though a Unitarian institution, thus did honour to itself by honouring a very decided theological opponent. The preacher delivered on the occasion a plain gospel sermon, which was attentively listened to, and received with thanks. He was deeply impressed with the delicate kindness and attention shown him by the university authorities.

Since Dr. M'Cosh was appointed President, he has, mainly by his personal influence, succeeded in obtaining in America, for the extension and improvement of the College of New Jersey, donations to the amount of considerably upwards of 400,000 dollars. This magnificent sum, so extremely creditable to American enlightenment and liberality, has been expended in the erection of new buildings and the institution of new chairs and fellowships. The college has been greatly improved in its discipline as well as in its equipment by the energy of the President, and at this moment it may challenge comparison in all important matters with any similar institution either in the New or the Old World. Its present flourishing condition has already, we believe, exercised a favourable influence upon the course of university instruction over the American Union.

In America, President M'Cosh has published an inaugural address on “Academic Teaching,” “The Laws of Discursive Thought, being a Text-Book of Formal Logic,” and various other works on academic subjects. He has also quite recently published “The History of Scottish Philosophy,” an interesting and useful work, composed mainly of a series of articles contributed by him several years ago to “The British and Foreign Evangelical Review.” As an accomplished champion of sound philosophy and sound Christianity, he has actively employed his energies in his highly important sphere, and, as from an elevated watch-tower, has been keenly scanning the intellectual and spiritual horizons of the civilised world. That he may long be spared to exercise his admirable powers in defence of truth must be the fervent wish of all who can appreciate the man and his works. If it be said that this sketch and estimate of Dr. M'Cosh is little better than one unmixed eulogy, we have only to urge in reply that we have not been able to fix upon any serious defect in his writings, or any decided mistake in his life. He has doubtless his own share of human infirmities, which he will be the first to acknowledge; but he has in our estimation more fully realised in his life and works the proper idea of a Christian philosopher than almost any man of his day. There are, we rejoice to be able to say, some

men on both sides of the Atlantic who, in point of philosophic power and Christian excellence, may fairly be put beside him; but we are not aware of any that should be placed above him, or is likely to eclipse him on his own chosen field.

We may conclude by stating that, when minister at Brechin, Dr. M'Cosh was married to Miss Isabella Guthrie, a niece of the late distinguished Dr. Thomas Guthrie.

J. D.

UNDER CANVAS:

A LADY'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIMALAYAS.

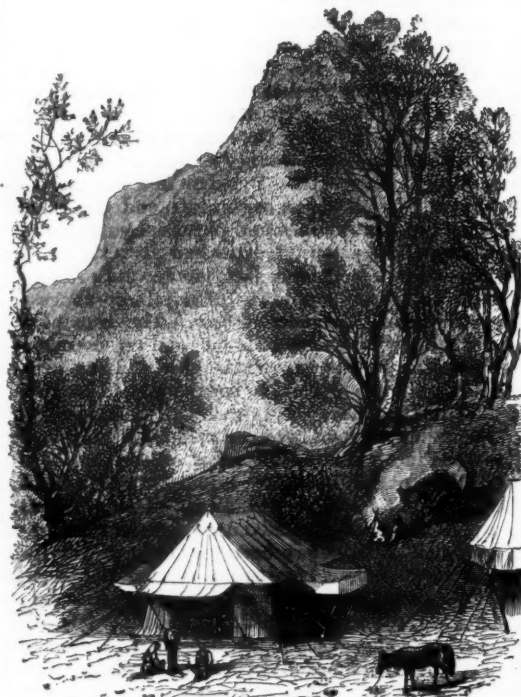
VI.

October 25th.

THE morning after our arrival at Dewallee, Mary and I slept later than usual, and were much surprised when we did wake, to hear none of the usual stir and bustle in the camp, though by the grey twilight we could see that it was fully time to be starting. They have left us behind, was our first alarmed idea; then a dull, monotonous plash roused us to the fact that it was raining heavily, and upon summoning the ayah, we heard it had been decided that it was too wet for us to march that day. You will hardly understand the lazy pleasure with which we welcomed the news. Until you have experienced the trouble of getting up day after day, however tired and sleepy you may be, at half-past five o'clock, with the further pleasure in prospect of dressing in the bitter cold of a draughty little tent, it is difficult to appreciate the luxury of an extra hour or two to be spent in a warm and comfortable bed, or the charms of an unexpected day of rest. Mary and I quite revelled in the idea, for I must allow that we sometimes find ourselves knocked up by cold and fatigue, and if it were not for the periodic halt on Sunday, we should hardly stand the journey as well as we do. We made the best, therefore, of our holiday in anticipation, but when at last we appeared at breakfast, our spirits were rather damped by the depressing view every one else took of the delay. Colonel Marsey, especially, made us very uneasy, by declaring that unless the violent rain stopped soon, the tents would be too wet for the coolies to carry, and we should not have found Dewallee a lively place in which to make a long halt. The sun hardly ever penetrates into these narrow valleys, so you would think rain could make very little difference to our feelings, but yet the perpetual drip, drip, became at last most wearisome and melancholy; so, having wiled away as much time as possible in talking, and in watching the deep trenches being dug round the tents to prevent their being flooded, we betook ourselves to our own apartment for the rest of the day, nominally to read and write, but, in point of fact, to doze away most of the time, which we found hung heavily on our hands. You would be astonished at our capacity for sleep. At any moment we can compose ourselves and take a little nap, and I find it a very useful accomplishment. Our supply of books is limited, and, on a cold day, sleep is a much easier and warmer occupation than reading, and, of course, far preferable to work; for, as you may imagine, we don't care to expose our fingers more than is necessary to the cold. We felt rather torpid from the freezing cold at Dewallee, and I don't at all understand why we had rain instead of snow. The height, too, at which we were encamped

was considerable, and several of the party suffered from it. We were very proud of being exceptions; but it doesn't do to boast so early in our journey.

The rain continuing steadily, dinner was enlivened by dismal prognostications of a long imprisonment, and by an uncomfortably *à propos* story, told by Major Francis, of the unhappy fate which befell an adventurous party of gentlemen in this very place some years ago. Like us, they were overtaken by heavy rain; and the Pindar, rushing down in floods, swept away the twig bridge, the only means of communication with the world outside. Day after day passed whilst they were imprisoned here; provisions



CAMP AT DEWALLEE.

ran short, and at last starvation stared them in the face. They held a council of war, to decide what could be done, and having become quite desperate, a coolie volunteered to swim across the river. The poor fellow was swept away and drowned, and his fate was shared by another native who attempted the same feat. Finally, one man succeeded in crossing, but this did not seem after all to have improved the position of the rest of the party, for even when he got assistance, the river was found to be too much swollen to allow of the bridge being put up again. I do not know what would have become of them if some bright genius had not hit upon the simple expedient of throwing them joints of mutton across the water, so that they managed to survive until the floods had subsided enough to let them return.

Hoping we might not be equally unlucky, we made Major Francis recount all our various stores of eatables, and after many abstruse calculations, we came to the conclusion that we were in no immediate danger, if we husbanded our resources and considered ourselves from that day forward in a state of siege.

The next morning, however, proved so clear and fine, that we forgot our fears, and prepared for an early start; but this again had to be postponed on account of the wet tents; and not caring to spend another day in lazy inaction, we settled we would have a great climbing expedition, and try to reach the top of one of the small peaks near us.

When Mary and I came to the front of our tent, however, all ready equipped for the walk, we found the only other people energetic enough to come with us were Captain Graydon, who was to take command of the party, and be responsible for our safe return, and three others. Indeed, the originator of the plan seemed inclined to back out of it, and though we cross-examined him closely as to his real reason for deserting us, it was along time before he acknowledged that he had just been considering his wardrobe, and finding, with horror, that he was reduced to his last pair of boots, had determined to save them by avoiding all rough and unnecessary walking. It was an unpleasant discovery to make, but you would have been amused if you could have seen the rueful and pathetic air with which he stood gazing down at the precious boots, also the contempt with which he received our assurances that we two ladies were nearly as badly off as himself; evidently thinking that as we could always ride, it must be a matter of perfect indifference to everyone whether we had boots or not! At length, however, we succeeded in persuading him to cast economy, for this once, to the winds, and off we started in high spirits, fully resolving to do great things before our return to the camp.

I think, whatever else we may do or see, that walk will always remain firmly fixed in my memory. Besides the clear freshness of everything after the rain, we had an undefined feeling of excitement, which arose from the uncertainty as to what dangers we might be going to plunge into, for we had all set our hearts upon reaching the summit of one of the lowest hills just behind our camp, whose peculiar attraction consisted in the sharp, needle-like peak in which it terminated, looking as if there might be just standing-room for one person at the top. For some way we proceeded in great ease and comfort, only stopping here and there to collect the lagging members of our party, or to admire the view below us, to which our little encampment gave an unwanted touch of life and animation. Then, after a moment's breathing time, we went on again courageously, enjoying the scramble over a rough bit of ground, or laughing at the mishaps which befell us one after the other, in our energetic climbing. At last, however, we were forced to make a longer halt than usual to consider if we could avoid a formidable-looking place straight in front of us. Masses of rock lay piled one upon another at such uncomfortable heights, it seemed impossible to clamber over them; only as there was no choice between getting past them or returning home ignominiously, we had to decide on making the attempt. I wish we had had a distinguished artist with us to immortalise the performances of Mary and myself, and accurately to represent how we were dragged up over perpendicular boulders—how we valiantly jumped over the roughest rocks and down the most dangerous descents; and, finally, how we plodded steadily on, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, till just as we were sinking down, completely exhausted by our wonderful exertions, Captain Graydon cheerfully announced

that we were very near the top. The rocks stopped suddenly, and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves on having surmounted all our difficulties, when, looking up to reconnoitre, we discovered that, after all, we had only just reached the most hazardous part of our undertaking—we were only at the foot of the peak. From where we were standing the hill rose abruptly, the first twenty yards or so covered with scanty grass, and then nothing but bare rock running up into this sharp narrow peak. It did not look an inviting ascent, but by this time we had become very confident in our own powers; so, making one more gallant effort, we started on our final scramble, and in a few minutes more perseverance was rewarded, and Mary and I were sitting on the very topmost rock, with the gentlemen perched upon little ledges near us, there being no room for them on the actual summit.

I never realised the fact of having reached the top of a hill so clearly before, and the space was so limited, we had to hold together for the first few minutes to avoid the insecure feeling that one or other of us must slip over the edge. Unluckily, the clouds had settled down so low that we had no view, but even this did not damp our satisfaction at our own achievements, and at any rate we had a good opportunity of accustoming ourselves to precipices, for on one side the hill seemed to be a sheer wall of rock down to the very bottom. We extemporised a tent out of two large white umbrellas to shelter us from the cold wind, and Captain Graydon, having produced an unexpected store of biscuits and sherry, we sat quietly resting for some time, until Mr. Henderson suddenly and effectually startled us out of our state of dreamy composure by coolly proposing to go and pick some little white flowers we had noticed, which were growing perhaps ten feet below us on the dangerous side of the hill. We were about as much horrified as if he had suggested throwing himself over the precipice at once; but before we had even time to remonstrate he was gone, and we were left to watch his progress in breathless anxiety. I suppose, however, that he must have been considering his plans for some time before he spoke, he managed it so very cleverly, and lowering himself carefully down from one ledge to another, he reached the place in safety, and soon returned with his treasure, which proved to be a kind of white immortelle.

After that, we decided it must be time to be going home, and Mary, wisely starting off the same way by which we had come up, soon got over the worst part of the descent. I was not nearly so fortunate, for, in my innocence, I was inveigled into trying a short cut, and we presently became involved in the greatest difficulties. Before we knew where we were going, we found ourselves on the very verge of a fearful precipice, and the only hope of getting on to safe ground seemed to be to swing yourself round a sharp corner of the rock, where there was not the smallest resting-place for the foot, and right over this awful abyss. The gentlemen looked blank, and in despair I was obliged to announce that I did not think I could manage such a crossing. Looking back, it seemed impossible to climb back by the way we had come down; besides, I rather think Mr. Henderson had lost the way; and we might have been standing there still, if I had not suggested that one of them should swing himself over first, and then, holding out his hand firmly enough for me to

tread upon, should help me to pass the corner in this way. No sooner said than done: they both got round before me, and, though I felt a little nervous when I found myself standing alone, and rather afraid of David's strength failing him, I boldly set one foot upon his hand, seized Mr. Henderson's outstretched arm, and, shutting my eyes, was safely landed in another second on the other side. That was the worst bit of our road; after that, by dint of putting my feet exactly where I was told, I scrambled on easily enough. We soon joined the rest of the party, and arrived without further adventures at the camp, just as it was getting dark. We made the most of our story sitting round the fire that night, but it was provoking to find no one would be interested in it; all Major Francis vouchsafed to say was, that we were very wise in choosing such an easy little hill as the scene of our picnic; so that, after all, we have had to rest contented with our own admiration!

Varieties.

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.—Appended are a few examples of replies of candidates for post-office employment, in making their written statements as to the medical histories of their families or themselves. It is to be hoped that in future years the effects of compulsory education may be seen:—

"Father had sunstroke and I caught it of him."

"My little brother died of some funny name."

"A great white cat drew my sister's breath and she died of it."

"Aperplexity."

"Parasles."

"I caught Tiber fever in the Hackney Road."

"I had goarnders."

"Burrager in the head."

"Rummitanic pains."

"Shortness of breadth."

"Carracatic fever."

"Indigestion of the lungs."

"Sister was consumpted, now she's quite well again."

"Sister died of compulsion."

"Toncertina in the throat."

"Pistoles on the back."

—From the 20th Report of the Postmaster-General, 1874.

RITUALISTS ALLIES OF ROMANISTS.—When I see our prayers transferred wholesale to books of devotion; when authors like Mr. Orby Shipley publish the "Ritual of the Altar" according to the use of the Church of England, and I find therein the whole of our Mass; when convert clergy and laity from the Ritualistic party assure me that they have been in the habit of confessing and receiving absolution; have constantly prayed to the saints and angels; and have neither added to nor taken away from what they believed as Ritualists concerning the blessed Sacrament, I cannot, notwithstanding Canon Liddon's explanations, do otherwise than assert that the Ritualistic clergy are assuredly disseminating our doctrine.—*Monsignor Capel.*

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.—The more we read, in history, of the fall of great dynasties, or of the ruin of whole classes, or whole nations, the more we feel—however much we may acquiesce with the judgment as a whole—sympathy with the fallen. It is not the worst, but often the best, specimens of a class or of a system who are swallowed up by the moral earthquake, which has been accumulating its forces, perhaps for centuries. Innocent and estimable on the whole, as persons, they are involved in the ruin which falls on the system to which they belong. So far from being sinners above all around them, they are often better people than those around them. It is as if they were punished, not for being who they were, but for being what they were. History is full of such instances; instances of which we

say and cannot help saying—What have they done above all others, that on them above all others the thunderbolt should fall? Was Charles I., for example, the worst, or the best, of the Stuarts, and Louis XVI. of the Bourbons? Look, again, at the fate of Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, and the hapless monks of the Charterhouse. Were they sinners above all who upheld the Romish system in England? Were they not rather among the righteous men who ought to have saved it, if it could have been saved? And yet on them—the purest and the holiest of their party—and not on hypocrites and profligates, fell the thunderbolt. May not the reason be—I speak with all timidity and reverence, as one who shrinks from pretending to thrust himself into the counsels of the Almighty—but may not the reason be that God has wished thereby to condemn, not the persons, but the systems? That he has punished them, not for their private, but for their public faults? It is not the men who are judged, it is the state of things which they represent; and for that very reason may not God have made an example, a warning, not of the worst, but of the very best specimens of a doomed class or system, which has been weighed in his balance, and found wanting?—*C. Kingsley.*

VETTURINO TRAVELLING IN OLD TIMES.—One cannot help regretting the days when the Vetturino was in its glory; when you took five easy days in going from Nice to Genoa; as many from Florence to Rome by the Thrasimene Lake and Terni; as many from Rome to Naples by Terracina. Now, even if you find the man and the team, there is no such thing as arranging a party. There is no merry race along the roads at times and seasons as there used to be after the Carnival and before the Holy Week. In those old times you had your troubles. You might be brought up by a river coming down in flood on the Eastern Rivera, just as you were hungrily looking forward to a late dinner. But *en revanche* you could pull up to luxuriate in a view, as when you emerged from the darkness of the tunnel—a road tunnel—into the daylight, where you caught the vision of Genoa la Superba, with the Riviera di Ponente stretching away beyond.

FUNERAL POMP.—During the parliamentary inquiry on Intramural Interments, an undertaker under examination threw some light upon the stupid ceremonies of many funerals.

"Question.—Are you aware that the array of funerals commonly made by undertakers is strictly the array of a baronial funeral, the two men who stand at the doors being supposed to be the two porters of the castle, with their staves, in black; the man who heads the procession, wearing a scarf, being a representative of a herald-at-arms; the man who carries a plume of feathers on his head being an esquire, who bears the shield and casque, with its plume of feathers; the pall-bearers, with batons, being representatives of knights-companions-at-arms; the men walking with wands being supposed to represent gentlemen-ushers, with their wands; are you aware that this is said to be the origin and type of the common array usually provided by those who undertake to perform funerals?"

"Answer.—No; I am not aware of it."

"Question.—It may be presumed that those who order funerals are equally unaware of the incongruity for which such expense is incurred?"

"Answer.—Undoubtedly they are."

Another undertaker, in a recent discussion in the "Times" arising out of remarks on costly funeral charges, states with truth that the expenses are usually by the urgent requirement of relatives. He says he prefers to supply armlets of crape, and to dispense with cloaks, scarves, feathers, and other trappings, but that few of his customers agree to a simpler and less costly ceremony.

PULTENEY AND WALPOLE.—Once, in answering a charge, Walpole laid his hand upon his breast and said, "*Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpa.*" Pulteney objected that his Latin was as faulty as his argument, the correct reading being *nulla culpa*. A bet of a guinea was proposed and accepted. A Horace was sent for on the instant. Pulteney proved right, and, holding up the guinea, which Walpole had thrown across the table, exclaimed, "It is the only money I have received from the Treasury for many years, and it shall be the last." The identical guinea is now in the medal-room of the British Museum, with a memorandum in the handwriting of Pulteney recording the incident, with this addition to the common version—"I told him (Walpole) I could take the money without any blush on my side, but believed it was the only money he ever gave in the house, where the giver and receiver ought not both equally to blush."

IF Clarissa in C husband. lavishly pleased his was happy routs, her No. 122